

Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

"I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."— Cowper.

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Our Dumb Animals.

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MY SWALLOW FAMILY.

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

THERE are different theories on the subject of instinct. Some consider it a special revelation to each creature; others believe it is handed down among animals, from generation to generation, and is therefore a matter of education. My own observation, two years ago, tends to confirm the latter theory. Two barn swallows came into our woodshed in the spring-time. Their busy, earnest twitterings led me at once to suspect they were looking out a building spot; but as a carpenter's bench was under the window, and frequent hammering, sawing, and planing were going on, I had little hope that they would choose a location under our roof. To my surprise, however, they soon began to build in the crotch of a beam over the open door-way. I was delighted, and spent more time watching than "penny-wise" people would have approved. It was, in fact, a beautiful little drama of domestic love. The mother bird was so busy, and so important; and her mate was so attentive! Never did any newly-married couple take more satisfaction with their first nicely-arranged drawer of baby clothes, than they did in fashioning their little woven cradle.

The father bird scarcely ever left the side of the nest. There he was, all day long, twittering in tones that were most obviously the outpourings of love. Sometimes he would bring in a straw, or hair, to be interwoven in the precious little fabric. One day my attention was arrested by a very unusual twittering, and I saw him circling round with a large downy feather in his bill. He bent over the un-

finished nest, and offered it to his mate with the most graceful and loving air imaginable; and when she put up her mouth to take it, he poured forth such a gush of gladness! It seemed as if pride and affection had swelled his heart till it was almost too big for his little bosom. The whole transaction was the prettiest piece of fond coquetry, on both sides, that it was ever my good luck to witness.

It was evident that the bird had formed correct opinions on "the woman question;" for, during the process of incubation, he volunteered to perform his share of household duty. Three or four times a day would he, with coaxing twitterings, persuade his patient mate to fly abroad for food; and, the moment she left the eggs, he would take the maternal station, and give a loud alarm whenever cat or dog came about the premises. He certainly performed the office with far less ease and grace than she did: it was something in the style of an old bachelor tending a babe; but nevertheless it showed that his heart was kind, and his principles correct concerning division of labor. When the young ones came forth he pursued the same equalizing policy, and brought at least half the food for his greedy little family.

But when they became old enough to fly, the veriest misanthrope would have laughed to watch their manœuvres! Such a chirping and twittering! Such diving down from the nest, and flying up again! Such wheeling round in circles, talking to the young ones all the while! Such clinging to the sides of the shed with their sharp claws, to show the timid little fledglings that there was no need of falling!

For three days all this was carried on with increasing activity. It was obviously an infant flying-school.

But all their talking and fussing were of no avail. The little downy things looked down, and then looked up, and, alarmed at the infinity of space, sunk down into the nest again. At length the parents grew impatient, and summoned their neighbors. As I was picking up chips one day, I found my head encircled with a swarm of swallows. They flew up to the nest, and jabbered away to the young ones; they clung to the walls, looking back to tell how the thing was done; they dived, and wheeled, and balanced, and floated, in a manner perfectly beautiful to behold.

The pupils were evidently much excited. They jumped on the edge of the nest, and twittered, and shook their feathers, and waved their wings, and then hopped back again, saying, "It's pretty sport, but we can't do it."

Three times the neighbors came, and repeated

their graceful lesson. The third time, two of the young birds gave a sudden plunge downward, and then fluttered, and hopped, till they lighted on a small upright log. And oh, such praises as were warbled by the whole troop! The air was filled with their joy! Some were flying around, swift as a ray of light; others were perched on the hoe-handle, and the teeth of the rake; multitudes clung to the wall, after the fashion of their pretty kind; and two were swinging, in most graceful style, on a pendent hoop. Never, while memory lasts, shall I forget the swallow party! I have frolicked with blessed Nature much and often; but this, above all her gambols, spoke to my inmost heart, like the glad voices of little children. The beautiful family continued to be our playmates until the falling leaves gave token of approaching winter. For some time the little ones came home regularly to their nests at night. I was ever on the watch to welcome them, and count that none were missing. A sculptor might have taken a lesson in his art from those little creatures, perched so gracefully on the edge of their clay-built cradle, fast asleep, with heads hidden under their folded wings. Their familiarity was wonderful. If I hung a gown on a nail, I found a little swallow perched on the sleeve. If I took a nap in the afternoon, my waking eyes were greeted by a swallow on the bedpost; in the summer twilight they flew about the sitting-room in search of flies, and sometimes lighted on chairs and tables. I almost thought they knew how much I loved them. But at last they flew away to more genial skies, with a whole troop of relations and neighbors. It was a deep pain to me, that I should never know them from other swallows, and that they would have no recollection of me.

HOW DO WE KNOW?

MEN are an egotistical race! How do we know but the birds and the insects are worth as much as we are? Perhaps they, in their turn, are egotists. Perhaps the blue-birds think the universe was made for them, and men are a part of the arrangements for their comfort. No doubt our blue-birds here believe that we, their human neighbors, have our chief end in furnishing them a cigar-box to nest in. The butterflies speculate as to why God made men: men are of no use to butterflies! Mosquitoes see things plainer: clearly, men were created as food for mosquitoes. But then comes to them the puzzle: why are men allowed sometimes to kill mosquitoes? A wise lot we all are, — blue-birds and mosquitoes and men! — *Christian Union.*

MARIE ANTOINETTE'S CROW.

AMONG the noteworthy things of the woods and park of Versailles which are remarked by visitors is a fine old crow, which is more than usually interesting, from the fact that he was crow-in-ordinary to Queen Marie Antoinette; that is to say, he was one of her great favorites, and followed her about like a dog. This worthy old relic of the old *régime* usually frequents the trees and lawns of the Petit Trianon, and can be easily observed, as he allows himself to be approached, and picks up with pleasure the crumbs that are thrown him. His story is curious, and is told as follows:—

One fine morning in the month of October, 1785, Marie Antoinette was at the window of her *boudoir*, opening on the fine lawn that stretches on the east of the Petit Trianon. The queen had a biscuit, which she steeped in a cup of milk, when a crow came, and perched upon the window ledge, beating its wings as if asking for food.

The queen, though rather alarmed by the visit of this bird of sinister omen, willingly gave him the remainder of her biscuit, and then, pensive, shut the window of her *boudoir*. At breakfast Marie Antoinette related to the king the incident of the morning, and made her royal husband share the painful impression which the visit of the crow had produced upon her.

The following morning, the same scene between the queen and the crow took place. The bird became so attached to Her Majesty, that when in her white morning dress, with a simple straw hat on her head, she went to the Hameau to visit her sheep, or to fish in the lake, she was followed by the faithful bird, who flew from tree to tree, and only left her when she re-entered the palace.

From 1789 the bird was seen no more; but when, in 1810, the Empress Marie Louise came to occupy the pavilion, she was fond of breakfasting in the island, under the shelter of the little temple; and she one day remarked a crow that kept constantly hovering over the little building, and cawed loudly as if wishing for a share of the repast: it was the crow of Marie Antoinette.

The incident was told to Napoleon, who, being rather superstitious, expressed the wish that Marie Louise should leave Trianon, which she hastened to do; but, in 1814, the same princess returned to Trianon, after the dethronement of Napoleon, and, on the 19th of April, had an interview with the Emperor of Austria in this residence. The empress was walking with her father in the winding alleys of the park; and, after a few turns, both sat down on a stone bench near the little bridge leading to the island. The princess was thinking of the happy days she had passed there a few years before, and took pleasure in relating them to her father, when suddenly a formidable "Caw, caw!" was heard close to their ears. They looked, and saw a bird flying from the thicket behind them. Marie Louise uttered a cry of terror, for she had recognized the crow of 1810.

The legendary bird has not forsaken the old trees and the lawns of Trianon. The gardener and servants of the palace are most attentive to the wants of the old pensioner, provide it with food in abundance, and relate its wonderful story to visitors. — *Boston Globe*.

THE ESQUIMAUX DOG.

THE most valuable domestic animal in Kamschatka is the dog. During winter they are fed with dried fish every morning and evening; but, while travelling, they get nothing to eat, even though they run for hours. Their strength is wonderful. Generally no more than five of them are harnessed to a sledge, and will drag with ease three full-grown persons, and sixty pounds of luggage. When lightly laden, such a sledge will travel from thirty to forty miles in a day over bad roads and through the deep snow; on even roads, from eighty to one hundred and forty.

During a snow-storm, the dogs keep their master warm, and will lie quietly near him for hours, so that he has merely to prevent the snow from covering him too deeply and suffocating him. The dogs are also excellent weather prophets; for when, while resting, they dig holes in the snow, a storm may with certainty be expected.

THE BOBOLINK.

GAYEST songster of the spring!
Thy melodies before me bring
Visions of some dream-built land,
Where, by constant zephyrs fanned,
I might walk the livelong day,
Embosomed in perpetual May.
Nor care nor fear thy bosom knows:
For thee a tempest never blows;
But when our Northern summer's o'er,
By Delaware's or Schuylkill's shore,
The wild rice lifts its airy head,
And royal feasts for thee are spread;
And when the winter threatens there,
Thy tireless wings yet own no fear,
But bear thee to more southern coasts,
Far beyond the reach of frosts.

Bobolink! still may thy gladness
Take from me all taints of sadness;
Fill my soul with trust unshaken
In that Being who has taken
Care for every living thing,
In summer, winter, fall, and spring.

THOMAS HILL.

LANDSEER'S DONKEYS.

EVEN the donkey is introduced with a loving touch in Landseer's pictures. Now, a man who can favorably regard a mule is a marvel of sympathy. I am in fresh memory of a mule in the Alps. He might as well have lived on Newark Flats, for all the good fine scenery did him. With what an awkward tread he carried me up to the *Mer de Glace*, jerking backward and forward, so that I was going both ways at once, but, nevertheless, slowly advancing, because the jerk forward was somewhat in excess of the jerk backward. The flies were ravenous; and to catch one of them he would stop mid-cliff, throw one foot up till he struck my foot in the stirrup, as though he proposed to get on himself, and then would put his head back, till nothing save a strong grip of the saddle kept me from seeing the Alps inverted. But have the fly he would, reckless of shout and whip, and thump of heel in the side. Mules are stubborn, crafty, — unlike men, in the fact that they look chiefly after their own interests (?); but these brutes are not very intelligent, considering, from their ears, how large an opportunity they have of hearing. They have most imperfect intonation, and but little control over their voice. When a donkey begins to bray, it seems he does not know when he will be able to stop, or whether the voice will rise or fall in its cadences; but donkeys cannot help this, and for their sins they are to be pitied. Therefore, Edwin Landseer calls them into his pictures. What a kind man he must be! Blessed the dog that fawns at his feet, the horse that draws his carriage, the cat that mews on his window-sill, the deer that ranges through his park! Thrice blessed their master! — *Rev. T. D. Talmage*.

VALUE OF BIRDS. — Many years ago the coffee plants in the island of Madagascar were attacked by a grackle, a well-known bird, on the African coast. The grackle is an insect feeder; but, having used up the supply, it betook itself in pure necessity to coffee. An edict was speedily issued, and carried into effect, for the annihilation of grackles; and every bird on the island was destroyed. All went on very well for a year or two; when, lo and behold! the insect and their larvae having the field to themselves, began to make sad havoc upon the coffee. What was to be done. There was no alternative but that of bringing back the grackle, which was in due season imported. The coffee-planters had, however, gained something by experience; and they resolved to profit by the same. They managed to keep the grackle within bounds; and they well knew that he would do the same by the insects: and they were right. — *Scientific American*.

MEASURED by the true standard of things, intellectual progress is of small account compared to advance in the power of unselfish love. The lowest of human beings is, not the dumbest and most ignorant, but the most unfeeling; and the highest is, not the cleverest or most learned, but he who has the warmest sympathies.

TOUCHING ANECDOTE OF A SPIDER.

"A fine old English gentleman" (Mr. Moggridge), with abundant leisure for studies in natural history, has written a very entertaining book on insects, in one chapter of which (as a critic asserts) he "elevates the character of the spider." It is pleasant, at any rate, to know that he has found out enough about the creature's feelings to elevate science in the direction of mercy. The story is briefly as follows:—

Mr. Moggridge had been in the habit of immersing, for preservation, his different specimens of spiders and ants in bottles of alcohol. He saw that they struggled for a few minutes; but he thought that sensation was soon extinguished, and that they were soon free from suffering. On one occasion he wished to preserve a large female spider and twenty-four of her young ones, that he had captured. He put the mother into a bottle of alcohol, and saw, that, after a few moments, she folded her legs upon her body, and was at rest. He then put into the bottle the young ones, who, of course, manifested acute pain. What was his surprise to see the mother arouse herself from her lethargy, dart around to, and gather her young ones to her bosom, fold her legs over them, again relapse into insensibility, until at last death came to her relief, and the limbs, no longer controlled by this maternal instinct, released their grasp, and became dead! The effect of the exhibition upon him is a lesson to our common humanity. He has never since repeated the experiment, but has applied chloroform before immersion.

Judging from the above, the spider is certainly superior to the human animal, in the fact that alcohol does not destroy her natural affection.

NOT SUCH A SILLY GOOSE AFTER ALL.

WE heard of an amusing incident which occurred in the second ward of this city, which we think worth relating. A family residing at the corner of Townsend and Catawba Streets, like the rest of their neighbors, are in the habit of keeping a number of domestic fowls, and a small flock of geese included. Some few weeks since the geese were missing, and all efforts to find them proved fruitless; but one day this week, the gander of the flock returned to the front gate of the premises of its owner, and immediately set up a loud scream, and would not be quieted, nor come into the yard. Finally the owner came out, and followed it for a number of blocks, until it entered a yard, at the rear of which was an old barn. On opening it, the balance of the flock were found, and were taken possession of by the owner. It appeared that the gander had made its escape through a hole in the floor of the barn, and then started for home to give the alarm. — *Syracuse Standard*.

CUNNING OF THE FOX.

ON the banks of the Kentucky River rise huge rocky bluffs, several feet in height. A fox that lived near this river was constantly hunted, and as regularly lost over the bluff. Now, nothing short of wings would have enabled the animal to escape with life down a perpendicular cliff. At last a hunter, being determined to discover the means by which the animal baffled them, concealed himself near the bluff.

Accordingly, in good time the fox came to the top of the cliff as usual, and looked over. He then let himself down the face of the cliff by a movement between a leap and a slide, and landed on a shelf not quite a foot in width about ten feet down the cliff. The fox then disappeared into a hole above the shelf. On examination, the shelf turned out to be the mouth of a wide fissure in the rock, into which the fox always escaped. But how was he to get out again? He might slide down ten feet, but he could never leap ten feet from such a small shelf upon the perpendicular rock. The impossibility struck the hunter's mind, so he instituted a search, and at length discovered an easier entrance into the cave from the level ground.

The fox was too wise to use that entrance when the hounds were behind him; so he was accustomed to cut short the scent by dropping down the rock, and then, when all the dogs were at the edge of the cliff, he walked out at his leisure by the other entrance.

For Our Dumb Animals.

GOATS.

GOATS seem fully accomplished at birth; they come into the world with their eyes open; and, in a few minutes, they are able to follow their mother. Wild goats run over the mountains the first day of their birth, with as much boldness and security as their elders.

The bare mountains of the southern parts of the earth are literally covered with herds of goats, pasturing on grass where the foot of man can never gain a hold.

Every part of the wild as well as the tame goat can be used, — flesh and skin, horns and hair; while the poorer classes of people are almost entirely dependent upon tame goats for their supply of milk.

Natural historians are undecided as to the classification of the goat. So many complaints were made about the breeding of the Steinbock in the neighborhood of Berne, that the government ordered them to be carried to Adenberg near Interlachen. Contrary to all expectation, one of the goats took a fancy to live in the inhabited parts of the mountain, and made daily visits to the Alpine huts, from which it was next to impossible to drive it away. It knocked the goatherds to the earth; and once it would have killed a man, had not the women, with a happy instinct, seized the creature by the beard, its most sensitive, we might almost say only weak part.

This goat was so violent, and the others did so much injury to the plants, that it was thought expedient to remove them to the Saxon heights.

A Chamouis-hunter volunteered to have an oversight of this goat family in their new quarters; but they displayed little gratitude for his proffered protection. Once he struggled a full hour with one hero, which seemed bent upon throwing him into the deep abyss below the point on which they stood.

It often happens that single goats climb to some point from which they cannot descend without assistance. One time a goat climbed to the top of a tower from which it was with difficulty brought down after three days.

L. B. URBINO.

HUMMING-BIRDS.

A GENTLEMAN caught a humming-bird, and, wishing to feed it, says, —

"It immediately suggested itself to me, that a mixture of two parts refined loaf-sugar with one of fine honey, in ten of water, would make about the nearest approach to the nectar of flowers.

"While my sister went to prepare it, I gradually opened my hand to look at my prisoner, and saw, to my no little amusement as well as suspicion, that it was actually 'playing possum,' — feigning to be dead, most skilfully.

"It lay on my open palm, motionless, for some minutes, during which, I watched it in breathless curiosity. I saw it gradually open its bright little eyes, and then close them slowly, as it caught my eyes upon it; but when the manufactured nectar came, and a drop was touched upon its bill, it came to life very suddenly, and, in a moment, was on its legs, drinking with eager gusto of the refreshing draught from a silver spoon."

ANIMAL FLOWERS.

On the island of St. Luce, there is a cavern in which is a large basin twelve or fifteen feet deep, at the bottom of which are rocks. From these rocks proceed certain substances that present, at first sight, beautiful flowers, resembling our marigolds, only that their tint is more lively. These seeming flowers, on the approach of a hand or instrument, retire, like a snail, out of sight! On a close examination, there appears, in the middle of a disk, filaments resembling spiders' eggs, which move briskly round a kind of petals. The filaments, or legs, have pincers to seize their prey, when the petals close, so that it cannot escape. Under this flower is the body of an animal; and it is probable he lives on marine insects thrown by the sea into this basin.

Miss LEO HUDSON's will orders the sale of her house in Baltimore, and the investment of the proceeds in the bronze statue of a horse, to be placed over her grave near that city.

"PLEASE, GIVE ME A DRINK."

"DURING a pleasant tour in Scotland, in 1869, I witnessed, on the pier at Dunoon, an interesting sight, which afforded great pleasure to not a few. A fine dog was on the pier, close by the side of the Glasgow steamer. He had, I believe, just before been taken from a small steamer, and was waiting for his farther passage on board of another boat. On patting the pretty animal, he held up his head, when I immediately noticed a label, on which I read the words, 'Please give me a drink!'"

"No sooner had attention been called to this appeal, — evidently attached to the dog's neck by a kind-hearted and thoughtful owner, — than a group of ladies and children gathered around us, and willing hands and feet were in instant requisition to provide a supply of water. One of the porters, evidently with a tender heart, promptly brought a tin filled with water, which was quickly drunk by the thirsty animal, whose face said, as plainly as dog can say, 'Thank you!'"

JOHN KNIGHT.]

"GIVE ME A DRINK;"

OR, THE THIRSTY DOG'S PETITION.

Who could behold the motto on his neck
To the chance stranger silently appealing,
Or look into his countenance, and cheek
The loving action and the tender feeling?

Furnished with such a passport kind and wise,
Friend after friend provides the noble creature
With water for his thirst, while from his eyes
Thanks overflow, and from each speaking feature.

Ah! if we saw that touching prayer for drink
Plainly round other thirsty throats suspended,
Would our much-suffering flocks and cattle sink
Along the public ways, all unbefriended?

Hour after hour, in the hot dusty lane,
Would the dumb sheep or ox attract no pity?
And would their patient eyes appeal in vain
From iron railroad, or from stone-paved city?

Thirst! There is one above who knows that pang:
"Give me to drink," he said to Sechar's daughter;
And from his lips a sad "I thirst!" once rang,
When he man's victim was, and had no water.

Touched with the feeling of his creatures' grief,
The mighty Maker listens to their groaning;
Shall we deny them water for relief,
And man alone be heedless of their moaning?

REV. RICHARD WILTON, M.A.

THE SCEPTIC AND THE BIRD'S NEST.

A YOUNG man, who had more money than good counsel left him by his parents, became a sceptic. Having afterwards become a "believer," a friend asked what had wrought the change.

Said he, "You know I spent much of my time in hunting; and a few weeks since, on a beautiful Sabbath morning, I went in search of game. Being weary of roaming about the woods, I sat down on a log to rest. While thus seated, my attention was attracted to a neighboring tree, by the cries of a bird which was fluttering over her nest, uttering shrieks of anguish as if a viper were destroying her young.

"On looking about I soon found the object of her dread in that apt emblem of all evil, a venomous snake, dragging his slow length along toward the tree, his eye intent on the bird and her nest. Presently I saw the male bird coming from a distance with a little twig covered with leaves in his mouth. Instantly the male bird laid the twig over his mate and her young, and then perched himself on one of the topmost branches of the tree, awaiting the arrival of the enemy.

"By this time the snake had reached the spot. Coiling himself around the trunk, he ascended the tree; at length, gliding along the branch till he came near the nest, he lifted his head as if to take his victims by surprise. He looked at the nest, then suddenly drew back his head as if he had been shot, and hurriedly made his way down the tree.

"I had the curiosity to see what had turned him from his malicious purpose; and, on ascending the tree, I found the twig to have been broken from a poisonous bush which that snake was never known to approach.

"Instantly the thought rushed across my mind, 'Who taught this bird its only weapon of defence in this hour of peril?' And quick as thought came the answer, 'None but God Almighty, whose very existence I have denied.'"

God sends men to the ant to learn industry, to the ravens and the lilies for lessons of trust; and here, in the protection of a defenceless bird's nest from a cruel foe, shines out the same kind Providence which watches the falling sparrow, and numbers the hairs of our heads. — *British Workman*.

For Our Dumb Animals.

DO ANIMALS TALK TO ONE ANOTHER?

BY BEATRICE.

I THINK they do. I was recently a guest in the family of the owner of several thorough-bred horses, among whom I spent many happy hours. One, a descendant of the famous Gen. Knox, named "Beauty," full of fun and frolic, seemed to delight in giving her visitors a fright by angrily tossing her beautiful head, stamping her feet, and lashing her long black tail. Always carrying a bunch of nice, tender grass in my hand, I soon curried favor with her next stall neighbor, "Jennie," who never failed to greet me with a neigh of delight, moving to the farther side of her spacious stall, and by many coaxing ways giving me to understand that there was room enough for me to enter, and I need not be afraid. Once in the stall, she would rub her nose against me, saying as plainly as need be, "I love and serve those who love me, and am too well bred to do an unlady-like action."

Passing to "Beauty's" stall, I would shyly enter holding the grass at arm's length, then make my exit as speedily as possible. Beauty would always frighten me by snorting, stamping, and tossing her head high in the air.

During one of these visits, a sharp neigh from "Miss Jennie" caused "Beauty" to elevate her nose to the top of the side of the stall. A few more neighs uttered in a peculiar tone, and a quick tramping sound in the adjoining stall, and what was my surprise to see "Beauty" drop her head, move to the farthest side of her stall, assuming a very sheepish attitude, which I interpreted thus: "Excuse me, ma'am: Jennie says I'm not to scare you any more, but stand just so, and eat my grass quietly," which, thereafter, she never failed to do.

If, as Beecher more than half hints, there is a future land of infinite grass and oats for four-footed animals, I think we shall renew our acquaintance.

That animals of different species do thoroughly understand one another, I have had indisputable evidence in my own family of dumb friends. I own a small Spanish poodle who had a young pup. When he was three weeks old, a favorite cat, fourteen years old, gave birth to two uncommonly small, feeble kittens. Nature having neglected to provide the mother with nutriment for her young, the faithful creature determined to give them a foster-mother. After repeated plaintive calls, she succeeded in drawing the dog's attention to herself. The cat and dog occupied baskets in opposite corners of the room; puss jumped from her basket, rubbed her nose against the dog, purred, and looked at the kittens; whereupon the dog jumped into the cat's basket, took out a kitten, carried it to her own, laid it beside the puppy, then went back for the other, jumped in beside them, washed and nursed them. Kitty Clover stood upon her hind-legs, with her fore-paws resting upon the edge of the basket, saw that they were well provided for, wagged her tail complacently, purred a little anthem of thanksgiving, and walked away.

But we found that the kittens were too delicate to draw sufficient nutriment from the dog to subsist upon; so we mercifully disposed of them. Lilly uttered a violent protest, yelping, barking, and running from room to room, searching for her adopted children, and for a time refused to be comforted.

If animals have no language by which they can express their ideas of one another, how did the cat make known to the dog that her kittens required food and care?

PLEASURE. — Men seldom give us pleasure when they are not pleased themselves: it is necessary therefore, to cultivate an habitual alacrity and cheerfulness, that, in whatever state we may be placed by nature, — whether we are appointed to confer or receive benefits, to implore or afford protection, — we may secure the love of those with whom we transact. For, though it is generally imagined that he who grants favors may spare any attention to his behavior, and that usefulness will always procure friends, yet it has been found that there is an art of granting requests, an art very difficult of attainment.

Our Dumb Animals.

Boston, August, 1873.

LECTURES.

THE prominent position that our subject is taking in the public mind presents an excellent opportunity for lecturers to introduce it from the platform.

Few topics are more full of interest, few have a more direct bearing upon the public morals, health, and general welfare. Few lecturers have thus far appreciated the field. Mr. Bergh makes an occasional address. Mr. Angell, as we have announced, has delivered several lectures, and is prepared to lecture on the subject hereafter.

Dr. A. P. Stevens of Portsmouth, N.H., also has a lecture entitled "Man, Bird, and Beast," which he has already engaged to deliver at several places the coming winter. Dr. Stevens is a gentleman of culture and refinement, an active member and officer of the Portsmouth Society, and is deeply interested in the cause.

We are glad to commend his lecture to the favor of all lecture committees, for we know it is deeply interesting. We trust friends of the cause, and kindred societies everywhere, will appreciate the good effect a lecture would have in their several communities, and will endeavor to have the subject introduced in their courses of winter lectures.

The Portsmouth Society P. C. A. are to have a course of lectures under their own auspices, and Dr. Stevens will be one of the lecturers.

James T. Fields donates a lecture to this Society, showing his interest in the cause.

This example of the Portsmouth Society is worthy of imitation by kindred organizations.

OUR PRIZES.

INVENTORS, we hope, will not overlook our offer in last month's paper of prizes of twenty-five and fifty dollars for the best compartment car, harness for oxen, horse-collar, bit, substitute for bit, breastplate, blanket, fly-preventive, and coop, the articles to be exhibited at the New-England Agricultural Fair in September.

"HUMANITY SCHOOL BOOKS."—We have just received a series of school books with the above title, edited by Rev. F. O. Morris, and published in London. We beg to commend them to the notice of teachers.

How many drinking-troughs have made their first appearance in this State this summer. We wish people who have the facilities appreciated the blessing, as the horses and cattle do!

Will our friends and agents interview the select-men, and see how many deficient places there are on the various town roads?

Please report to us how many there are in each town, and how many new ones have been erected.

Roadside brooks or ponds, with conveniences to drive through them, ought to be counted in.

SEVERAL reports of kindred societies have been received, and will be noticed in our next.

OUR Bird Essay, Transportation Essay, and Essay on the Check Rein, have been reprinted, and are now ready for distribution.

COMPARTMENT CARS RUNNING.

ZADOK STREET, Esq. of Salem, Columbiana Co., O., informs us that he has cars now running over the Pennsylvania Central Railroad in which cattle can be fed and watered, and have opportunity for rest; and that the experiment so far has been successful. Mr. Street has several patents on his cars, but we have not been advised of their special features. He is following the matter closely, and intends to enlarge the work when shippers generally become convinced of the utility of his car.

This railroad is the only one in the United States, so far as we know, which is willing to favor the introduction of this kind of car.

It seems very clear to us that there is a great saving to shippers, and that their interests ought to prompt them to urge railroad corporations to favor these cars. The humanity of its invention is too apparent to need an argument.

Of course we must expect opposition from the owners of the feed-yards along the route; and, if the corporation owns these yards, of course their interest would forbid the change of cars.

Mr. Street is doing what we have always wanted to see done: running the cars, and proving the economy. If it can be shown that it "pays," we shall hope for success, while we might plead in vain for years, with only the sanitary argument, or the relief of the suffering of the animals.

GALLED HORSES.—Agents please look out for galls during the hot weather. Do not believe the driver's statement that "it don't hurt the horse."

GOADING.—The terrible cruelties now inflicted upon cattle by the use of goads, especially in loading them into cars, must be stopped, if law and reason will do it. Parties witnessing such offences, will please report them at our office.

THE CHECK-REIN.

A GENTLEMAN in Philadelphia, who has been engaged for forty years in coach-making, writes for a package of Mr. Angell's check-rein pamphlet, and says, "It is the best article ever written on the subject."

A lady visiting Saratoga says, "I am trying, as far as lies in my power, to abolish the cruel practice the stable-men have of keeping their horses' heads checked up while standing in front of the principal hotels, all through the day, until the poor animals look worn and jaded. I hope my appeal through the press, and my personal interviews with the stable-owners, may do a little good."

We have a new edition of the pamphlet just issued for free distribution.

A VETERAN friend asks us to remind people to provide water for the smaller animals, — dogs, cats, hens, and birds, — as well as for horses and cattle. He thinks they suffer greatly.

A GENTLEMAN in Philadelphia is said to have never failed but once in a hundred trials to induce a balky horse to start, by tying a string tightly around his ear close to his head. Have any of our readers tried it?

Do you let your horse stand at the side of the street for hours together in the hot sun, without shade or water? If so, try it yourself.

SMOOTH-SHOD HORSES.—A correspondent calls attention to the frequent falling of horses on the wooden pavement in Temple Place and Tremont Street, and contends that all horses ought to have heel-calks.

"A FRIEND TO THE HORSE" writes as follows:—

"If your Society would be the means of having a feed-bag invented so that the horses would not lose so much grain, it would be a good deed. Look at the amount that is wasted; it is just so much out of the horse's ration."

There are such feed-bags for sale, which have a sort of apron which fits around the horse's nose, preventing this waste.

We have a basket on exhibition at our office, which is designed for the same purpose.

Do not throw bottles, broken glass, or nails into the street. Many horses are wounded and spoiled by this thoughtlessness.

HUNTING-MATCHES.

WE have thought that there was some sport to be derived from hunting-matches, but we doubt the propriety of continuing them. If sportsmen consider the subject, we believe they will agree with us, that, unless we wish to exterminate what little game there is left, we should not indulge in this wholesale destruction. Those who wish to enjoy a day in hunting occasionally, certainly cannot favor the useless, wholesale killing of game which takes place at these hunting-matches. Consider the amount of game that is killed and usually thrown to the dogs. In early days hunting-parties were gotten up expressly to destroy bears, wolves, and foxes, to prevent their depredations on domestic animals; but do we wish to exterminate the little good game we have left? Let our clubs, organized for the protection of game, protect, not destroy. — *Waterloo Observer*.

Every year we read of these hunting-matches in New England, in which five to ten thousand animals are killed in a single day, including many that are harmless; and all for "sport." We hope this year of our Lord we may be spared this disgrace.

FLY PREVENTIVE.

ONE of our agents writes that he has prevented his horse from being annoyed by all kinds of flies, by the use of a mixture of one-third of fish-oil and two-thirds of kerosene-oil. This is sprinkled on his horse-brush, which is passed lightly over the horse. We hope horse-owners will try it.

SEE how much you can lighten your harness during the hot weather. The back-strap and breeching can often be removed without trouble from double teams or carriages. A breast-plate is cooler than a collar, and will answer well for pleasure carriages.

WHEN you are perspiring freely after a little unusual exertion, or are suffering with heat when exposed to the sun, think of your horse under the same circumstances, use him as moderately as you can, and relieve him as soon as you can.

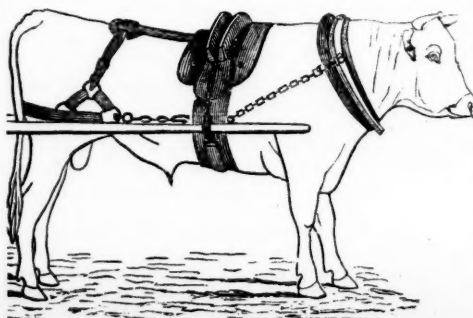
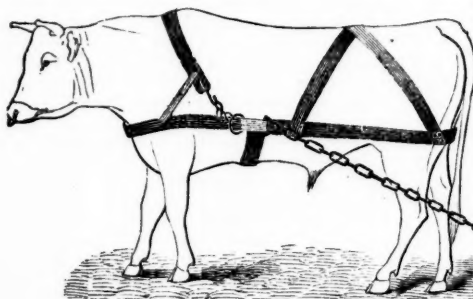
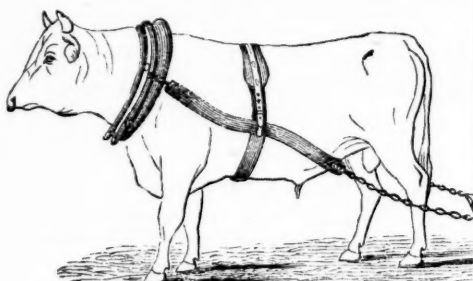
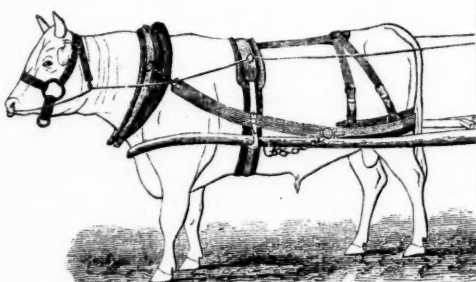
BOUND VOLUMES.—We now have the first five volumes of "Our Dumb Animals" handsomely bound in two books. Vols. 1, 2, and 3 together, and 4 and 5 together, which we sell for \$1.50 each book.

HARNESS FOR OXEN.

It has been our earnest desire that a substitute shall be found for the heavy yoke now used upon oxen. There does seem to be an unnecessary amount of cruelty to the animal, and a great waste of power.

To encourage some one to introduce this improvement, we have offered, as one of our prizes at the N. E. Fair next month, twenty-five dollars for the best harness for oxen.

To help inventors in their efforts in this matter, we have purchased the following cuts, which we offer as suggestions merely, without having seen the harnesses tried. We hope some one will offer an invention that will obviate the objections, if any appear, to those we present.



HYDROPHOBIA AND THE IMAGINATION.

THE hypothesis which traces hydrophobia to animal virus finds no foundation in analogy, and is consequently very weak.

It is, therefore, very natural that the medical men should begin to study the whole question anew, and attempt other explanations of this disease. Thus, Dr. D. H. Tuke, whose paper on the "Blanching of the Hair" appeared in our December number, has lately published a work on the "Influence of the Mind upon the Body," and there supports the proposition that hydrophobia is produced solely by the action of the imagination. The author cites cases where, beyond all doubt, hydrophobic symptoms were developed without inoculation. A notable instance is that of a physician of Lyons, named Chomel, who, having aided in the dissection of several victims of the disorder, imagined that he had been inoculated with the virus. On attempting to drink, he was seized with spasm of the pharynx, and, in this condition, roamed about the streets for three days. At length his friends succeeded in convincing him of the groundlessness of his apprehensions, and he at once recovered. Rush also tells of cases of spontaneous hydrophobia, which arose from no other cause but fear and association of ideas.

A German physician, too, Dr. Marx of Gottingen, as we learn from "The Clinic," is disposed to take this view of hydrophobia, and to regard it as a psychical affection, the result of morbid excitement of the imagination. He is of the opinion that the bite of a mad dog does not, of itself, produce the symptoms of hydrophobia; and that, were it not for the common belief in canine virus, the spasms and other manifestations of the disease would not supervene. This view is confirmed by the fact that young children, who are not acquainted with the common belief as to hydrophobia, may be bitten by mad dogs and escape spasms and madness. He adds, "If we are able, as in olden times, and in the case of children, to instruct or induce men to be perfectly quiet after they are bitten by a rabid dog, not to tremble or be frightened, but to banish anxiety, to control their imagination, and, with patience and hope, to look forward to recovery, and also to persuade the well to remain with the unfortunate one, and not to run away, but to cheer him in the hour of trial, then the means may have been discovered by which the effects of the accident are to be banished, and the poison in the wound neutralized."—From *Appleton's Popular Science Monthly*.

CASES INVESTIGATED
BY BOSTON AGENTS IN JULY.

Whole number of complaints, 107; viz., for beating 9, driving when lame and galled 43, overloading 9, overdriving 6, driving when diseased 6, failing to provide proper food 3, torturing 8, cruelty in transportation 4, defective streets 2, general cruelty 17.
Remedied without prosecution 64, not substantiated 21, not found 4, under investigation 9, prosecuted 9, convicted 9.
Animals killed 17, temporarily taken from work 51.

FINES.

From Justices' Court: Natick, \$2; Westfield, \$5; Canton, \$1; N. Bridgewater, \$25; Barre, 4 cases, \$10; Harwich Port, \$5; Brighton, \$10; Arlington (per Co. Treasurer,) \$5.
Police Courts: Lawrence, \$10; Haverhill, per Co. Treasurer, \$10; Newburyport, per Co. Treasurer, \$10.
Third District Court, Southern Worcester, per Co. Treasurer, \$25.
Municipal Court, Boston, 4 cases, \$10.
Superior Court, Middlesex County, 2 cases, \$10.
Witness fees, \$6.60.

PARTIAL REPORT OF COUNTRY AGENTS.

193 Country Agents report as follows, from April 1 to July 1.
Whole number of complaints, 626; viz., for overloading 88, overdriving 78, torturing 20, abandoning 9, driving when lame and galled 151, when diseased 22, failing to provide food, &c., 109, beating 76, general cruelty 73.
Remedied without prosecution 594, prosecuted 32.
Animals killed 54.

RECEIPTS BY THE SOCIETY LAST MONTH.

[All sums of money received by the Society during the past month appear in this column, with the names, so far as known, of the persons giving or paying the same. If remittances or payments to us or our agents are not acknowledged in this column, parties will please notify the Secretary at once; in which case they will be acknowledged in the next paper. Donors please request to send names or initials with their donations.]

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Seth Bemis, \$5; Cora H. Clarke, \$10; J. Freeman Clarke, \$5; Mrs. J. Freeman Clarke, \$5; Charles Nash, \$5; Miss E. S. Nash, \$5; S. R. Payson, \$5; Sarah S. Gardner, \$1; S. G. Snelling, \$5; John K. Sibley, \$10; Selah Simonds, \$5.

SUBSCRIBERS, ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Mrs. H. F. Smith, Mrs. William F. Parrott, Anna L. Coburn, Edward Betts, Annie F. Richards, Theodore D. Weld, Dudley Seaver, H. M. Small, Sarah S. Gardner, Mrs. Augustus Parker, D. P. Ives, Isabel Weichman, Harry E. Foster, William D. Prouty, William F. Hurd, James B. Dow, Mrs. James B. Dow, Benjamin L. Stetson, Robert Davis, Joseph A. Willard, Stephen W. Collins, Mrs. B. Richardson, Mrs. James Mills, W. H. Otis, Phoebe H. Jones, J. Huff Jones, Martha Dodson, Miss C. M. Smith, J. S. Mallory, S. T. Bird, Mrs. A. O. Monroe, F. E. Day, T. H. Bell, G. F. Osborn, Miss B. Cummings, A. A. Whitney, Miss A. M. Amory, G. F. Packard, S. B. Smith, Francis Balch, H. Shipley, M. Botts, B. P. Clark, & Co. W. H. St. John, Eng. Mag. 60 cts.; Mary F. Harriman, Eng. Mag. 60 cts.; Maggie R. Grimmons, Eng. Mag. 60 cts.

CINCINNATI.

It takes "the West" to do things promptly and with energy. Cincinnati organized a society, May 21, and have already five hundred members, more, we think, than any other society in the country. They intend to double their present number of members, as there is great interest felt in the city. Fifty-two cases were investigated during the first month.

They have had the misfortune to lose, by death their treasurer and one of their executive committee; but their places have been supplied, and the following is the

LIST OF OFFICERS:

President, John Simpkinson; Vice-Presidents, W. W. Scarborough, Henry Probasco, Larz Anderson, Louis Ballauf, Geo. W. Nichols, Washington McLean, S. Dana Horton, Harry R. Smith, Adolphus Carnes, Walter F. Straub; Corresponding Secretary, E. P. Davenport; Recording Secretary, Dr. W. G. B. Lewis; Treasurer William Sumner; Superintendent, F. P. Griffiths; Executive Committee, Murray Shipley, Dr. John A. Murphy, J. R. Pye, William Stoms Jno. J. Henderson, Ludlow Apjones, Asa A. Clark, E. P. Bradstreet, Dr. G. W. Bowler, Dr. Frank Brunning; Attorney, E. P. Bradstreet; Honorary Counsel, Hon. Alpheus Taft, Hon. Aaron F. Perry. Hon. Alexander Lory, Hon. M. B. Hagans, Hon. W. F. Straub.

The Mayor of Cincinnati has issued a proclamation calling upon all his police to aid the society in enforcing the law.

Children's Department,

CHERRY BIRDS.

THE birds represented in the picture may be known by a name different from the one we have given them; but we always like to call them by this name because it sounds like the French word "*chérie*," meaning "beloved;" and this word covers so much that is past, present, and future, that we always like to be reminded of it, even by a bird.

We know that some contend that these birds eat our cherries. Granted. Do they not earn the right to do it, by destroying thousands of insects during the summer? We can afford to be generous to these fruit-eating birds, and share our luxuries with them.

For Our Dumb Animals.

"INTO THE SOUL OF THINGS."

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

ONCE a little child was playing at the feet of his mother, when he saw a very small insect, called a moth, come out from the carpet, and rise upward with a short wavering flight.

The child had been singing, tossing balls of cotton, tipping over the work-basket, and tearing rose-buds to pieces; but no sooner did he perceive the little butterfly, than he dropped all, and followed here and there, up and down, high and low, the poor moth till it fell tired out upon the floor, when, in his hurry to catch it, he gave it an unlucky blow, that threw the insect upon its side, where it quivered slightly, and then all was still.

The child was about to raise it from the floor, when there came to his ear the sound of chiming bells, swinging; for the lily-bells and hare-bells in the garden were tolling for the dead moth.

The child dropped his head upon his arms, crossed his feet as he lay stretched out upon the floor, and listened; for there was a melancholy stir all around him, and voices slid through the air like low sighs which seemed to say,—

"Alas! for death is here."

He could not tell the meaning of this; but he was hushed by a strange awe, and lay looking at the little butterfly, and wishing it would fly again.

At length a large black beetle waddled into the room, slow and solemn like, and touched the insect with one of his horns. All at once the beetle became a small brown woman, with a peaked cap, and quite old and wrinkled in the face. She moved briskly about, making things ready, and once hopped upon the top of a thimble that she might look from this great height, and see the lay of the land. She took a white rose-leaf out of her pocket, and wrapped it around the moth, when it looked just like a wee baby gone to sleep; and the brown woman with the high peaked cap sung in a low voice,—

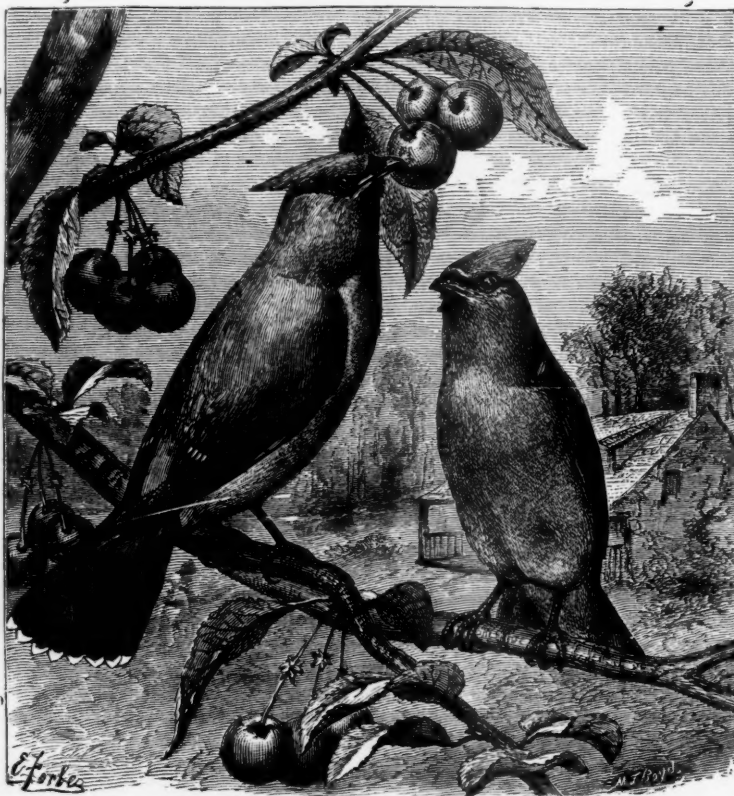
"Alas! for the gladsome wing
Shall never more be spread;
When cheery voices ring
They will not wake the dead."

Very soon a gray grasshopper, with his mouth daubed with honey, or the child said it was molasses, for he began to say to it,—

"Grasshopper, grasshopper gray,
Give me some molasses, and I'll—
Let you fly away."

But the grasshopper paid him no heed. He came in with a high step, first on one long leg, and then on the other long leg; and on his hip he carried a

CHERRY BIRDS.



sweet-pea pod lined with gossamer, and silken cord and tassels hanging down.

It was a coffin for the moth; and the grasshopper was a solemn gray little man with a long beard, and no stomach to speak of, being an undertaker. He and the brown old woman put the moth away so nicely, straightened all out, and small hands crossed on his breast.

Then a great number of relations and cousins to the moth, each one with a death's head painted on his shoulders, moved along after the brown woman and long-bearded sexton; and, as they went by, the child saw with alarm that they were small men and women dressed in drab edged with black; and all the younger ones carried a spider's web for pocket handkerchief to their eyes, and all sang sorrowfully,—

"Fare thee well, O blighted one!
From the sunshine called away;
All thy pretty work undone,
Thee upon thy bier we lay.

Never more the taper's glare
Wilt thou for the glow-worm take;
Never light nor dew nor air
Thee from slumber shall awake."

Then the hare-bells and lily of the valley one after another tolled in chorus; and, as the procession moved on, the locust and the cricket, the lady-bird and katy-did, all stopped their every-day song, and went and hid themselves for grief.

The flowers also swung softly upon their foot-stalks, and each asked his neighbor what had killed the moth that it should die before building its nest. And when all the insects pointed an anther at the child, and as one after another turned round to see the cruel monster, he saw that each was a small man or woman with sharp eyes fixed upon him, he grew fearful, and sprang into his mother's arms, and asked her what death meant!

Long and tenderly she talked with the little child upon the sad but hopeful subject. She spoke of the higher life into which the veiled-angel Death shall carry us, into which the dear Christ has entered,

and promised to provide dwellings there for all loving hearts. And she told him it was the home of myriads of little children.

The child grew very joyful as he listened, and learned to call heaven, home. He learned from that time forth a new lovingness for all God's creatures, whether great or small; for he saw that there was a hidden life in all things, and that all were one great chain, linking the seen to the unseen.

He remembered ever afterwards the dead moth, with its sorrowing friends, and wondered if anybody else had seen the like! God is very good to loving hearts, and sometimes shows them the soul of things; and they grow into a great lovingness for all his creatures.

PATCHOGUE, L.I., 1873.

DON'S HONESTY.

DON is a large dog, with a good appetite, and for dessert goes about getting bits at his neighbors.

One lady friend of his, left in her shed a wooden pail, with odd bits, so that he could help himself as he pleased. One extremely cold morning last winter, in poking his nose therein, the pail fell to pieces. The lady stood by the window, watching him, and saw him walk slowly round the broken pail and then away towards his home. In less than half an hour he returned, bringing another old pail, which he placed near the first; then carried away and hid every piece of the first so successfully that no one could find a single fragment.

A CHARITABLE DOG.

A CHARITABLE dog? Yes, a charitable dog. Why shouldn't a dog show charity to a brother or sister dog?

This dog's name was Carlo. At one time, instead of eating his dinner as usual, he was seen to carry it away. He did this for several days. His owner, feeling curious to know what he did with it, followed him, and found that he carried it some distance to a hole in which a lost dog with a litter of puppies had taken refuge. Carlo seemed to pity the stranger and her helpless family. He showed his pity, too, by giving up his own meals, and picking up stray morsels of food for his own support.

Noble Carlo! If he was a dog, he knew how to be kind to a fellow-dog in distress.

I have seen a big boy tease a little one in distress. I have seen a well-dressed boy laugh at a ragged one. I have seen a boy with nice warm boots on, trying to tread on the naked toes of a boy who was too poor to buy boots. I have seen a boy with a stomach so full of the good things he had eaten that he could scarcely walk, turn a hungry beggar child from the door with a harsh word. If I had these boys and Carlo together in my room, I should tell them the story of Carlo's charity."

A YELLOW bird has built its nest in a tree near Knight's Mill, Newbury; and some little girls, daughters of Mr. J. B. Knight, have got the mother bird so tame that she will come at their call, and eat out of their hands.

A PEORIA expressman has a horse, that, immediately upon being unhitched, goes to a hydrant in its stable-yard, and, taking hold of the handle of the stop-cock with its teeth, turns on the water until the trough is nearly full, when it quenches its thirst.

BRIEF EXTRACTS FROM OUR PRIZE COMPOSITIONS.

SUBJECT: "WHY SHOULD ANIMALS BE KINDLY TREATED?"

[We adopt the example of the Royal Society in publishing a sentence or two from the compositions, regretting that we have not room for more. A part only are published this month. We are indebted to a lady friend for making the selection. — Ed.]

If a man has to choose between kindness and cruelty to a refractory animal, let him sit down calmly, and deliberate; and by the time he gets through, the animal will very likely have grown tired of its pranks. — G. M. P.

Animals cannot come up to be man; but man sometimes goes down to be almost an animal. — N. M. T.

It will be seen how important it is to keep a cow quiet and free from excitement. The worry of dogs, the hurrying and hallooing of boys, when driving them home from the pasture, and the abuse of an angry milker, or any other cause of excitement, will be sure to reduce the quality of her milk to the extent of several per cent of cream. — W. A. S.

Some men argue that animals have no feeling. If they could but speak, what a story they could tell! If those men had to suffer what pain they needlessly inflict upon the creatures over which they have authority, as cropping the ears of dogs, for which they say the dogs hear better, — as if they could improve what God had already made perfect. — L. G. K.

Animals should be kindly treated, because they are our faithful servants. — E. F. T.

... When we ill-treat them, and show them only the bad side of our nature, they themselves are affected more or less by it; and, in accordance with the natures around them, they become vicious and ill-tempered. — M. A. L.

... Another reason is, because they cannot speak or express themselves in any way. If their harness is uncomfortable, or their load too heavy, they have no way of expressing themselves. — J. K., JUN.

All our animals are useful, though we may not be able to see it; for I think our Heavenly Father has put no creature on the earth that he did not design for some use. — J. H.

I once took pleasure in tormenting a cat; but now I wish I never had done so, for, when I want her to come to me, she runs from me. If you treat an animal kindly, he will treat you kindly in return. — H. M.

I have a dog, and no money could buy him, because he is so good, faithful, and intelligent. He never needs whipping when he does wrong: talking to him is sufficient. When I first had him, he would not let me come near him when eating, because his former owner would plague and vex him at such times. Now we can do anything with him, and he will not be angry in the least; which proves that kindness and cruelty are understood by animals. — C. F. L.

Animals remember a kind act a great while, and they try to reward you for it when they have an opportunity. — W. L.

As servants, they have a natural claim upon us for kind treatment and protection. They were created for the use of man, and not to be abused by him. They are given us by a kind Providence for our use, and should be treated kindly in honor of the giver. — F. R. H.

It is slightly dangerous to be cruel. The "Society with a long name" has power to arrest persons who are guilty of cruelty to animals. — H. A. H.

We do not find that "true kindness of heart kindly expressed," which constitutes the gentleman, in a man whose habit it is to treat with cruelty and thoughtlessness his dependent and helpless subjects, the animals. — H. M. W.

Ever since true feeling began to assert its claims in the heart of man, and love, generosity, and good-will pushed him toward the good deed, and away from the bad, a thrill of peculiar happiness pervades his being, after the exercise of some generous impulse; as a glow of warmth and comfort steals over the bather, after a plunge into some refreshing stream. ... In this his reward is in himself, in his feelings, and is greater or less, according to his capacity for sympathy. If all were pleased to show mercy to man and beast alike, what a happy state of things would there be! ... But very many there are to their human friends truly kind, who, at the slightest provocation from their dumb followers, are ready to raise the lash and "teach 'em better." A hard book for the poor animals to learn from, and one whose pages, we trust, are gradually being erased by the hand of common sense. — F. G.

In the beginning God gave to man dominion over the beasts of the field, to sustain and keep him alive. Shall we treat with cruelty any thing that He has made, or that is so important to the welfare of the human race? — A. E. B.

A man who is cruel to animals will be cruel to his wife and children, if he be blessed with them, or any one else who in any way happens to be in his power; and besides, his cruelty will be apt to crush and kill what little soul he has. — E. E. E.

Good treatment to animals is sound policy. It promotes kindness and humanity in the individual, and good order in society. Not only this, but it also has its pecuniary reward. — J. C. L.

... It is always best to treat animals well, because they will last a great deal longer, and do their work a great deal better, than if they are abused. — R. B. R.

... Animals in their wild state cannot be thus employed by man. They must first be tamed, or, as we say, domesticated. And it is hardly necessary to add, that this domestication can only be produced by kind treatment. Kindness will usually subdue most animals, but cruelty never. — F. H. G.

In my opinion, the question is not, Why should animals be kindly treated? but, Why should they be unkindly treated? In offensive, innocent creatures! Are not their whole lives spent in our service, ministering to our pleasure or toiling for our good? — M. M. F.

Our world would indeed be dreary, were it not for the notes of the sweet little birds. — F. W. D.

The inferiority of animals, when compared with human creatures, is ascribed to the absence of an immortal soul, and by no means to the deficiency of passions, affections, or intelligence. — W. J. W.

Bobby Smith, Lester, Alick, Harry Coombs, and myself were fooling and playing close to a lake; while Harry's dog was jumping about in the grass, catching grasshoppers. Some how or other we got trying to see who could reach the farthest in the water with a stick, and Bobby Smith fell in. We were all too frightened to do any thing but bawl out. Suddenly the dog, whom we called Prin, came dashing through the grass, and past us into the water; he soon caught Bobby's clothes, and never let go till he had him within reach of us, when we pulled them both out of the water. That's a reason, I think, why animals should be kindly treated. — C. S. P.

For some time past, I have befriended a dog that has been cast off by his master, and have fed him several times. Whenever he sees me on the street, he runs to meet me, manifesting every sign of joy at seeing me; and he frequently comes to the house, and tries, by barking and whining, to attract my attention. This devotion was produced by kindness, and he seems anxious to make a return for it, if possible. — A. F. F.

It is a part of the human mission on earth to help those who cannot help themselves; it was for this object that in olden times the order of knighthood was established; and may we not establish a second knighthood, and wage a second crusade, to rescue dumb animals from the thralldom of their inhuman masters? — M. I. H.

Examination and thought plainly prove that animals do suffer. Watch for a moment a creature threatened with bodily injury: see the distorted features, the struggle to escape, the panting breath, strained eyes, beating heart; sometimes even a sound which, in humanity, would be a groan; and certainly here are all the outward symptoms of keenest mental and physical agony. Surely, if our senses do not mock us, if the whole scene is not an utter farce, then animals do suffer. — C. S. S.

Oh that I could show how wicked and cruel this bad treatment of animals must appear in the sight of God! May he hasten the day when, all over the earth, men shall treat the animals placed in their power with kindness and love. — A. M. E.

Animals do a great part of the work that is done in the world, and feel kindness full as much as man. — A. P. P.

"Why should animals be kindly treated?" It is a disgrace to human nature that it needs to ask the question. Why? For every reason, human and divine. Is it to be supposed that the God we call all-merciful and all-just will excuse us from exercising mercy or justice to the animals he has given us to use, not abuse? Take, for example, the horse. What a noble animal, so kind and gentle! But he can be made a great deal different. If you want to know how, just knock him around, and abuse him as much as you can; he will kick, bite, and be ill-natured all the time. — A. T. M.

I had a cat named Fan. A boy in the house who disliked cats tried to poison her, but did not succeed; for he only made her sick for a day or two. Ever after she would run and hide when she heard his step. Once he came into the room, closed the door, and walked toward her to see what she would do. When she found that she could not get out, she crouched down, and screamed, and would have jumped upon him; but he ran out of the room, and closed the door. Another time she jumped out of a two-story window when he entered the room. To all others she was perfectly harmless, gentle, and affectionate. — J. C.

There is no better sign of a bad man than to see him cruelly whipping his cattle or horses when they are heavily laden; and we may be pretty sure that a man who is kind to his animals will be kind to his family. One of the greatest reasons why we should treat animals kindly, is, that they are powerless to retaliate when abused. — C. A. B.

... They spend their strength in the service of men, and often willingly lay down their lives to accomplish some purpose where the strength of man fails. — V. L. H.

Animals, in their likes and dislikes, are very much like man, as a general thing. If kindly treated, they will have affection for those that treat them kindly; but, in some instances, they will take an almost instantaneous dislike to a person. Isn't that like human nature? — A. D.

Our country requires all the good her people can do for her; and this work — the prevention of cruelty — is one of the first subjects for our regard. When this receives its full attention, we may go onward in a march of improvement, knowing that a grand work has been accomplished. — G. S. K.

If God had not meant animals for our use, and to be kindly treated by us, he would have destroyed them all at the time of the flood. — H. B.

Our merciful Creator wills that all his creatures should be happy in the places where his wisdom has placed them; and he will most assuredly require a strict account from all who inflict wanton cruelty. — W. E. P.

We are unable to give life, and, therefore, ought not to take it from the meanest insects without sufficient reason. — L. A. S.

I have always been taught not to be afraid of every insect I see, but rather to watch them and learn their habits. I think many people who are cruel learned the habit in childhood, by being taught to kill every bug and insect that they happened to find. — C. M. T.

If we were as faithful to our heavenly Father as animals are to their masters, our lives would be spent quite differently from what they are now. — C. S. B.

It is said that Nero, one of the bloodiest tyrants that ever lived, when young, was of a very cruel disposition, delighting to torment animals; and when he grew up, he practised it toward men. — M. W. G.

When we see a large boy beating a smaller one who cannot defend himself, we call him mean. So are men mean when they beat and ill-use animals, which, though stronger in most cases, are defenceless, because they cannot reason like their oppressors. — J. E. E.

A man who would hang a calf up by the heels, and allow it to remain in that position two or three hours before killing it, would not be likely to be one who would be interested in relieving the sufferings of mankind, or in doing good to his fellow-men. — W. L. F.

All animals are the property of God: "For every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills." They are lent to us by God for our use; and we should remember that they are the property of God, and treat them in a manner which He would approve. — B. P. G.

I have heard men say, "That horse is mine; I have a right to use it as I please." No, sir. You have no right to use it as you please, unless you please to use it at least decently. You never had any right to abuse your animal by the laws of God; and now, I am happy to say, to the honor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, you have no right by the laws of man. — S. S. R., JUN.

I believe that all animals have intelligence: some more than others. ... Farmers who feed their cattle on poor hay during the winter, and otherwise abuse them, will see them decrease in value; and it takes the whole of the next season to gain what they have lost. — O. V. H.

The milkmaid knows that kind and considerate treatment not only conduces to increase the quantity of the cow's milk, but much improves the quality of it. The pail with the milk is rarely overturned, and neither is the bottom kicked out, nor are the sides bent in; for the cow is not goaded with feverish excitement to deteriorate the milk she gives. She is in sympathy with the loving hands that feed and care for her, and is docile instead of dangerous. — S. E. H.

Each animal has its little work to do: even the tiny insect does its little part, and does it faithfully. The ant, toiling so steadily and perseveringly to build its house, to be thoughtlessly trampled on by careless feet, teaches us a lesson we should all do well to profit by. — H. E. B.

A man shows of what material he is made, and what nobility of spirit, and God-like control over himself he does not possess, when, for caprice, or in a fit of passion, he abuses the helpless or innocent, because he has the power. — M. T. B.

We should treat animals kindly, because we have deprived them of their natural liberty. — G. H. P.

I would not give a straw for a man's religion, whose very dog and cat are not the better for it. — B. B. H.

Show me a man anywhere that treats his horse roughly, and, in nine cases out of ten, I will show you an ugly, balky, and undesirable horse; and, on the other hand, show me a man who treats his horse as it should be treated, and, other things being equal, I will show you a good horse. — E. C. H.

... One more reason, as important as all the others, is, that they are sensible of all the abuse they have to bear. — G. E. H.

Why should they be kindly treated? Simply this: because they were made to be treated kindly, and not abused. — E. A. P.

It seems impossible that any one can ill-treat the noble horse, on which so many of the pleasures and necessities of life depend; yet we often see them ill-treated by being overburdened, and then whipped for not doing what even brute strength cannot accomplish. — A. M. J.

... If they do not like to do the things we want them to, they cannot speak and tell us so. — F. W. B.

... In fact, man could not live so comfortably and happily without dumb animals. — A. E. N.

A physician in our little town, instead of having his horse stand, while visiting his patients, has some one drive around and come for him, these cold winter days. Who would not prefer such a kind-hearted M.D.? So it is policy, sometimes, to be thoughtful; for he gained practice as well as approbation, and the horse did not have the epizootic. — L. B. S.

How could we manage without the amount of horse-power used in our land. And if we could not manage without it, why not try to bring that power to the highest attainable point? — J. W.

As they do so much to lighten the labor of man, and to brighten his weary hours, they certainly deserve, in return, kind protection, and just appreciation of their services. — J. F. T.

A farmer said to a city friend, "That lad of mine makes me 'pounds upon pounds richer' every year."

His friend said, "How is that?" "By his good temper and kindness to my stock," said the farmer. "Every horse, cow, and even the pigs know him, and will come to him like dogs. I can get a higher price for them, because he does not over-drive them to market. If all servants, who have to do with horses and cattle, were like that lad of mine, there would not be much for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to do." — C. E.

When I see a man in a cart take up a stick, and beat his horse as hard as he can, I wish a policeman could see him, and have him shut up for six weeks. — J. E.

... I do not like to see boys trying to shoot the little birds, or snowball them; for I think it is almost as bad to harm birds as to whip horses, especially the little snowbirds. — S. H. K.

If a team is heavily loaded, and is beaten to such an extent, that the man has to pay a fine for cruelty, it seems to me, if the man feels the loss only in his pocket book, the horse has suffered the severest part of it. — C. A. P.

Friendship between man and animals partakes, in many respects, of the features of friendship purely human. In some cases, self-interest is predominant; in others, self-sacrifice and devotion, especially of the animal to the man, is the principal characteristic. — L. E.

The reason why animals should be kindly treated must be obvious to every thinking mind. God, the Creator of man, also created the animals, and gave them to man for his use. Consequently they should be cared for with a tenderness that we know would please him. If we abuse or ill-treat them, we fail to render unto God the acknowledgment due him for giving us faithful friends and servants to labor in performing work too heavy for our feeble hands. — F. E. B.

Here are six reasons why we should treat animals kindly: — 1. Because if it were not for them, man could not live. 2. Because they behave better. 3. Because they are more profitable. 4. Because it is easier to take care of them. 5. Because they work better. 6. Because you will like to take care of them better. — H. E. P.

The fact that the conduct of some animals so nearly resembles that of human beings should serve to bring them within reach of our sympathy, if it does not fully establish a relationship. It is not possible to bring the animal world under the rule, "Do unto others as ye would have others do unto you;" but, as that rule becomes the guiding principle of the human race, unnecessary cruelty to animals will cease. — M. K. B.

In our own family I have observed the effect of kind treatment. We have a horse, and have always tried to treat her kindly. She is a very fast horse, but is perfectly safe with children. She has never been known to kick. One day my little sister, three years old, was crawling around her legs to get some hay. The horse lifted up her foot and let her pass under, and then put it down again. In all this, I notice a great difference between our horse and others that are not kindly treated. — N. L. S.

... And the little birds, with their gay-colored feathers, flying about and singing so sweetly: the summer would not be half so beautiful were it not for them; and we should not have any nice ripe fruit, if they did not busy themselves all the bright, long days in eating various insects, which cluster around fruit and flowers. I think God sends these little troublesome things, and reaches the little birds to catch and eat them, that we may value their services as well as their song, and treat them kindly in return. I think if men and boys would stop and think before they rob a bird's nest, or shoot the old birds when their little ones are in their nests, they would shun such a mean act. — M. S.

If a friend had helped us out of difficulties, and we felt dependent on him, should we be likely to treat him harshly and cruelly? No. Then why treat animals unkindly? Are they not among our best friends? Many a so-called friend deserts us in time of need; but would the noble animal do so, if kindly treated? No, indeed; animals are faithful to the last. — M. E. S.

It is our plain, evident duty, as men, as women, as those who love and believe in the Lord, to take good care of all the beings which he has formed, and especially those who live with and around us, and who, therefore, come under our immediate notice. — M. G. C.

... Silent though they are, their condition speaks to us with a thousand tongues. By their silence, their helplessness, their usefulness, their faithfulness, and by the impress which they bear of the Creator's hand, they plead with us to treat them with forbearance and kindness. Shall we refuse to listen to their five-fold petition, and degrade ourselves by treating them with cruelty? Or shall we receive them as God's best gift to us, and make their lives happy as well as useful? — A. G. J.

The wild animals, and even the reptiles, render us many services. They devour the remains of other animals, which would otherwise corrupt the air. They also furnish us with furs. — G. W. C.

The chief reason, therefore, why we should be kind to animals is, because it is debasing, cowardly, and unjust in man to maltreat any of the animals given him by God. — J. J. D.

Just imagine how the world would appear if there were no animals. Why, it would be almost impossible to live. How much, think you, would the country be improved, if all the animals should be taken away? Would the cities increase, and new ones spring up? Would the farms be improved? Would trade increase? — C. G.

It hardens the heart to be cruel to dumb creatures. I have heard of a boy who, when he was very little, used to pick the wings and legs from flies. As he grew older, he was cruel to cats and dogs, and was, in after years, led to commit a dreadful crime. — C. I. H.

The best reason that can be given for the kind treatment of animals is, that God has so commanded us in his Holy Word, and has said, "The righteous man regardeth the life of his beast; but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." — H. E. B.

When we think of the great good which results from the kind treatment of animals, with senses the same as ourselves, having bones that may be broken, with muscles and nerves that may be bruised, and, in consequence of this, suffer pain, how can we fail to be interested in them? — F. M. B.

Because they are submissive and obedient in their great strength, and generally using their utmost endeavors in all ways to serve mankind, they more than earn our kind care and best treatment. — C. J. T.

... The Bible mentions cruelty to animals in Proverbs, where it says, "A merciful man is merciful to his beast." One of the commandments says, "Do unto others as ye would have others do unto you;" that is, treat dumb animals as you would like to be treated if you were in their place. — G. G. S. P.

Of all God's creatures, I think the domestic animals should be treated with the greatest kindness and consideration; because their whole life is spent for the benefit of man, and they are entirely dependent upon him. — J. E. J.

If the age of miracles had not passed, what a great thing it would be if some of our animals could open their mouths and talk like Balaam's ass, and protest against the cruelty and injustice done them by their wicked and thoughtless masters. — H. O. E.

Every animal does good in its way. — F. A.

Observe the kind farmer going his rounds in the morning. See how joyously the horses express their welcome to him; how the dog greets him with leaps of joy; and how the compliment is returned, by a friendly pat on the curly head of that trusty animal. — J. M. H.

A word, if spoken kindly, even to an animal, will do more good than many blows. I see no other way to conquer animals or persons, but to treat them with absolute kindness. You will always have a clearer conscience if you treat all things kindly. — A. M. S.

... But the most important reason of all, is, because God created them for our use. ... They fulfil their office so perfectly, that they are entitled to all the kindness we can give them. We have found out during the past year how dependent we are upon horses. I think some have profited by the lesson. — M. F. W.

They are dumb, and cannot talk like men, though some try to do their best. — S. B. F.

We are all fellow-creatures, created by the same divine Being, and possessing in common a mysterious principle of life, which we cannot understand nor control, except in taking it away; and we ought to be careful not to injure any thing we cannot repair. — M. S. L.

Animals should be kindly treated, because kind treatment is the only treatment that pays, and the only treatment that is right. — E. L. B.

Animals were made to be happy. Kind treatment will cause them to be playful, contented, and thrifty. All these different states help to their development, and to the lengthening of their lives; thus increasing their usefulness and happiness. — E. S. B.

Because we could not do very well without them. — C. W. L.

In order to be a Christian, it is necessary to practise as well as preach. For instance, a minister that preaches good-will to men all day Sunday, and dumps his coal-shoes in the middle of the street Monday, when it is good sleighing, and causes a loaded team to get stuck or turn out, is guilty of cruelty to horses; and we should say he had preached Christianity without practising humanity. — T. W. H.

God has given the domestic animals to lighten our burdens, to add to our pleasure and enjoyment, and gives us help wherever additional strength is needed. He has placed them under our care; and it is for us to say how they shall be treated. — F. S.

We want the useful animals to increase; and, as they increase, we want them to grow better, that they may be more useful. To accomplish this end, they must be kindly treated. There is an old saying, that "like produces like;" and it applies in this case. — I. L. C.

When I considered that so many eyes were to see my composition, I decided not to write. Then I thought again, if a child like me could bring forth reasons why animals should be kindly treated, was it my duty to say nothing in their defence, when there are reasons almost innumerable why they should be kindly treated? — A. H. B.

A horse, if treated harshly when being broken, will never make a steady, reliable one for any person to drive. — W. E. S.

... Another strong argument in favor of kind treatment is, that it is for one's own best interest to take good care of his domestic animals. To illustrate this, consider the cow, which is very susceptible to kind and gentle treatment: this is shown by the increased quantity of milk whenever thus treated. If stoned, frightened, or exposed to cold winds and storms, the quantity is at once diminished. — H. L. T.

It is a well known fact that the finest horses in the world are those of the Arabs, who treat them in many respects as "one of the family." But while custom and convenience do not permit us to treat them as the Arab does his noble steeds, yet we may and should shield them from kicks and blows, which not only injure them, but brutalize and harden the better impulses within us. — E. A. S.

I think if a feeling of kindness to dumb animals could be inculcated into the minds of the young, and be encouraged more strongly as they grow older, it would go farther towards lessening crime than all your houses of reformation. A child is allowed to be cruel to insects, next to the cat and dog, until the desire for treating every living thing cruelly does not stop at the lower order of animals, but in many instances reaches his fellow-men, and the prison and often the gallows is the result. — A. M. B.

The spirit of reform is abroad. It extends throughout society, reaching to the animal kingdom; and the demon of oppression and wrong, that all too long has visited with a rack of tortures the helpless animal, must stand back before the dawn of a new day, luminous with love to all who bear the stamp of man or animal. Humanity takes on a nobler and better hue as the years roll on. Kings no longer slay helpless dogs to embroil cold feet in their warm life-blood ere the heart has ceased its throbbing; and the significance of the Golden Rule is becoming more apparent, even in the case of those whose voiceless utterance is sometimes more powerful than spoken words. — J. H. W.

Volumes would be required to give all the reasons we have for treating animals kindly; yet, when we consider that they are our benefactors in thousands of ways, that every day we feel how dependent we are upon them, and that a wise Providence has created them for our convenience, comfort, and support, we surely see enough to convince us that they are worthy of our kindest care. — D. F. S.

Man is superior to all animals; for God gave him to have dominion, that is, *supreme control*, over all living creatures; but he does not command man to rule them tyrannically: this we know from the example of his Son Jesus Christ; for during his stay upon this earth, we cannot find, in the history of his life, one single act of cruelty or inhumanity to any living creature; but, on the contrary, he treated all with kindness, even his greatest enemies. He treated dumb animals also with kindness and consideration. He therefore taught us by his example to love all creatures and treat them kindly. — D. F. L.

We never realized how valuable the service of the horse is to us until the breaking out of the terrible disease that prevailed so extensively last fall. Although they suffered fearfully for a few weeks, yet it has been the means of permanently bettering their condition, as well as giving us a lesson we shall not soon forget with regard to their treatment. — G. C. A.

... Again, if a man has the heart to misuse and cruelly treat dumb animals, he is apt also to have the heart to misuse his fellow-men. — F. B. F.

The face is an index to the motives of the heart, whether ugly or beautiful; if in the heart dwell kindness and sympathy, it will have an influence on the physical form, as well as on our mental character. — E. M. S.

Animals are the gift of God. They have the same Creator that man has. If we say that man should be treated kindly, because God made him, we must admit the same of the lower animals. — A. E. P.

Just as it requires kindness to make the little one grow up with love for its parents, and become a blessing and a help to them and the world, so does it require kind treatment to make the dumb animal a willing and loving helper and companion to mankind. — G. K.

If you come suddenly upon a boy stoning birds by the roadside, he will not look you in the face with an honest, straightforward look. Why? Because he has lost his self-respect. He knows he is doing wrong, if he has been taught rightly; and none of us have much respect for ourselves when we are intentionally doing wrong. — H. M. D.

I know of a high-spirited horse, which, under a former master, was hardly considered a safe beast, but which is perfectly docile and obedient to his present master, who accomplishes with gentle treatment and kind words what the former owner's whip and abuse never could effect. — S. C.

It is believed by some that the "epizootic" was sent upon the horses as a lesson for their masters against abusing them. Of course no one knows in regard to that; but it certainly proved of what immense service they are to man. ... Doubtless a more tender feeling found its way into the hard hearts of many men who, perchance, had inflicted many a needless blow upon their poor horses when they saw them in such agony, and thought, perhaps, that disease would prove fatal. It is to be hoped it was remembered afterwards. — S. J. H.

It is said every animal loves itself; if so, imagine their indignation at being abused. — W. P. S.

Animals are man's truest friends. They never desert him in a time of need, nor do they, like some friends, desert you when your money is gone. — A. H. S.

Some persons labor constantly with a hidden pain; but at last this overcomes them. They have the power given them by God to make it known. But if an animal is in a feeble condition, he, having no vocal powers, must still work without relief. — M. McC.

Animals may teach man many useful lessons. As the oxen stand patiently in the field, waiting for their load, and, after receiving it, toil on to accomplish some end of their master, do they not seem to reprove us for our impatience under burdens, which are often lighter and easier than theirs? As the birds greet us at dawn with their cheerful songs, and nod and peck at the food we give them, do they not seem to be grateful for our loving care? — H. A. S.

A considerate heart would feel as Uncle Toby felt when he apostrophized the fly which was buzzing about him: "Go, go, little fly: there is room enough in the world both for thee and me." — E. C. N.

In training horses, as in boys,
Find them where you will,
If you beat and pound and bang them,
You will find it all "up hill."

If you lead them kindly onward
When they seek to go astray,
You will find that they will love you,
And work better every day.

This is true with all dumb animals; and if the farmer and the coalmen do not believe it, let them try it with their oxen and their horses as to the working; and the boy with his dogs, and the girl with her kittens, as to the loving. — E. O. K.

We should be kind to all animals, wild as well as domestic, because God made them, and they have just as good a right to happiness as we have. — J. E. S.

The animal has a brain, but it is not as largely developed as that of man. He is governed mostly by instinct, and has but very little reason, if any; yet how quickly he knows when he is treated kindly. — S. L. C.

"GRAND-DADDY-LONG-LEGS."—Everybody in the country is familiar with the little, long-legged insect, which he calls by a variety of names, the most common perhaps being "grandsir-long-legs." It is as nimble as a cat, and a cunning, curious creature.

This is a species of spider, and is carnivorous or flesh-eating in its habits, seizing its prey very much as a cat seizes a mouse; but it differs from other spiders in that it devours its victims bodily, while most spiders suck out their juices, or blood, and leave the flesh untasted.

The grandsir-long-legs is very beneficial, and ought never to be destroyed. It devours immense numbers of plant lice and small insects that infest our gardens and fields, and at the West it has attacked the larvae of the Colorado potato beetle, and is really doing something to help keep this terrible pest in check. We are afraid that we shall have plenty for it to do within five years, so let us not harm the grandsir-long-legs. — Mass. Ploughman.

MRS. BROWNING'S DOG "FLUSH."

"MAY I tell you I have 'lost and won' poor Flush again, and that I had to compound with the thieves, and pay six guineas in order to recover him, much as I did last year—besides the tears, the tears! And when he came home he began to cry. His heart was full, like my own. Nobody knows, except you and me, and those who have experienced the like affections, what it is to love a dog and lose it. Grant the love, and the loss is imaginable; but I complain of the fact that people who will not, or can not, grant the love, set about 'wondering how one is not ashamed to make such a fuss for a dog!' As if love (whether of dogs or man) must not have the same quick sense of sorrow! For my part, my eyelids have swelled and reddened both for the sake of lost dogs and birds; and I do not feel particularly ashamed of it. For Flush, who loves me to the height and depth of the capacity of his own nature, if I did not love him, I could love nothing. Besides, Flush has a *soul* to love. Do you not believe that dogs have souls? I am thinking of writing a treatise on the subject, after the manner of Plato's famous one." And again:—

"The only time, almost, that Flush and I quarrel seriously, is when I have, as happens sometimes, a parcel of new books to undo and look at. He likes the undoing of the parcel, being abundantly curious; but to see me absorbed in what he takes to be admiration for the new books, is a different matter, and makes him superlatively jealous. I have two long ears flapping into my face immediately from the pillow over my head in serious appeal. Poor Flushie! The point of this fact is, that when I read old books, he does not care."

HOW BIRDS LEARN TO SING AND BUILD.

WHAT is instinct? It is the "faculty of performing complex acts absolutely without instruction, or previously acquired knowledge." Instinct, then, would enable animals to perform spontaneously acts, which, in the case of man, pre-supposes ratiocination, a logical train of thought; but when we test the observed facts which are usually put forward to prove power of instinct, it is found that they are seldom conclusive. It was on such grounds that the song of birds was taken to be innate; albeit a very ready experiment would have shown that it comes from the education they receive. During the last century Barrington brought up some linnets, taken from the nest, in company with larks of sundry varieties, and found that every one of the linnets adopted completely the song of the master set over him, so that now these linnets—larks by naturalization—form a company apart, when placed among birds of their own species. Even the nightingale, whose native sound is so sweet, exhibits, under domestication, a considerable readiness to imitate other singing birds. The song of the bird is, therefore, determined by its education, and the same must be true as to nest-building. A bird brought up in a cage does not construct the nest peculiar to its species. In vain will you supply all the necessary materials: the bird will employ them without skill, and will oftentimes even renounce all purpose of building any thing like a nest. Does not this well-known fact prove, that, instead of being guided by instinct, the bird learns how to construct his nest, just as a man learns how to build a house. —*Popular Science Monthly.*

MOTHER GOOSE NO MYTH. — Mr. Wm. L. Stone of New York writes to the "Providence Journal," in defence of the substantial reality of Mother Goose. He declares that she is no myth, but a mortal verity that flourished in Boston (where else!) in the last century. Her daughter, Elizabeth Goose, was married by Cotton Mather to Mr. Fleet, editor of the "Boston Weekly Rehearsal;" and when the good woman, who was herself the mother of nineteen children, saw her numerous grandchildren grow up about her, she broke out into such a flood of rhymes and songs to please the little ones withal, that her son-in-law collected and printed them with the title, "Songs for the Nursery; or, Mother Goose's Melodies for Children." Printed by T. Fleet, at his printing-house, Pudding Lane, Boston. Price, ten coppers."

"DID YOU SPEAK!"

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

I SAW the prettiest picture
Through the garden-fence to-day,
Where the lilies look like angels
Just let out to play,
And the roses laugh to see them
All the sweet June day.

Through a hole behind the woodbine,
Just large enough to see
(By begging the lilies' pardon)
Without his seeing me,—
My neighbor's boy, and Pharaoh,
The finest dog, you'll see,

If you search from Maine to Georgia
For a dog of kindly air,
And the tolerant, high-bred patience
The great St. Bernards wear,
And the sense of lofty courtesy
In breathing common air.

I called the child's name,—"Franko!"
Hands up to shield my eyes
From the jealous roses. "Franko!"
A burst of bright surprise
Transfixed the little fellow
With wide, bewildered eyes.

"Franko!" Ah the mystery!
Up and down, around,
Looks Franko, searching gravely
Sky and trees and ground,
Wise wrinkles on the eyebrows,—
Studying the sound.

"O Franko!" Puzzled Franko!
The lilies will not tell;
The roses shake with laughter,
But keep the secret well;
The woodbine nods importantly,—
"Who spoke?" cried Franko: "tell."

The trees do not speak English,
The calm, great sky is dumb,
The yard and street are silent,
The old board fence is mum:
Pharaoh lifts his head, but ah!
Pharaoh, too, is dumb.

Grave wrinkles on his eyebrows,
Hand upon his knee,
Head bared for close reflection,
Light curls floating free,—
The child's soul to the brute's soul
Goes out earnestly.

From the child's eyes to the brute's eyes,
And earnestly and slow,
The child's young voice falls on my ear,
"Did you speak, Pharaoh?"
The bright thought growing on him,—
"Did you speak, Pharaoh?"

I can but think if Franko
Would teach us all his way
Of listening and trusting,—
The wise, wise Franko way! —
The world would learn, some summer,
To hear what dumb things say.

TAMING BIRDS. — There is a gentle matron in St. Augustine, Fla., who, if report be true, has so tamed the birds in the groves and gardens of her husband's farm that they come into the house, and hop upon the shoulders even of guests who are strangers. None of them have been caged, but they have been tamed by the gentle and fascinating treatment of the lady. If everybody was so good, how pleasant it would be, especially for the birds!

A TRAVELLING PUSS. — An English paper mentions an instance of recent occurrence, in which a cat that had been put into a sack, and carried from Innerleithen to Edinburgh, a distance of thirty miles, over mountains and fields, succeeded, after a few weeks, in finding her way back to her former residence.

CHEERFULNESS. — There is no greater every-day virtue than cheerfulness. This quality of man among men is like sunshine to the day, or gentle, renewing moisture on parched herbs. The light of a cheerful face diffuses itself, and communicates the happy spirit that inspires it. Be cheerful, always. There is no path but will be easier travelled, no load but will be lighter, no shadow on heart or brain but will lift, in presence of a determined cheerfulness.

Stable and Farm.

HOW TO WATER HORSES.

ONE writer says, Never water immediately before or after feeding. I say that if a horse is thirsty, always give him drink; and he will thank you for it. I have often seen horses put in the stable at noon for an hour or two, and not eat a pound of hay or grain, but looking wistfully for water; and then their careful owner, who would not let them have water when warm, will come and give them enough to kill, and drive the remainder of the day on two buckets of water and no feed. Ten chances to one his horse gives out with him, or gets sick before night. Now, I say, give the horse water if he is ever so warm,—give him a swallow, rinse out his mouth and nostrils, give him a bite of hay; in a short time a little more water, but not too much. If he is watered several times, a little at a time, until he is satisfied, he will not drink more than half what he would if you let him gulp it down all at once. — *Cor. Tribune.*

LIGHT HARNESS. — Farm-work, during the hot summer months, requires only the lightest harness. In the cities the harness worn by street railroad horses is as scant as is consistent with the work they have to perform. No breeching is used, and hip-straps are dispensed with. Teams may often be seen in the hot days of July and August, ploughing in the same harness they wore during the winter. This is unnecessary; nay, sometimes it amounts to positive cruelty. Remove every superfluous strap, take away the back-strap and crupper band, and let the air circulate freely around the body. At night, when the work is over, wash the sweat and dust from the legs and thighs of the horse; a dash of water on his flanks would be grateful to him. Let his stable be airy and clean, with a bed of clean straw. Kindness to these serviceable animals is the truest economy. Besides, we feel far better when our horses are made comfortable. The sensation is akin to that derived from doing a benevolent action. A sensitive man cannot see a horse sweating under and galled by a heavy harness during the intense heat of a summer's day, without sympathy and pity, nor can he retire to rest with an easy conscience, knowing that his faithful servants in the stable are not properly cared for.

FOR OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

WATER FOR SWINE.

PLEASE remind your readers that they should furnish their animals with a liberal quantity of pure cold water daily. A neighbor, who saw me watering my hogs, said, "I never saw any one water a hog before." I asked him how he expected they could thrive without water? He said his "had dish-water from the house, which was enough." It is not enough. Swine, as they are generally kept in the country, in a filthy barn cellar, or in a tight-board pen, probably suffer more than any other animal. They require light and shade, fresh air and pure water.

SOUTH HANOVER, MASS.

GREASING THE WHEELS. — How the wheels of the old cart creaked! The Road was quite tired of hearing their complaints, when lo! they suddenly became quiet, and went smoothly on, making no doleful sound.

"How now!" cried the Road. "What has happened that you take things so easily to-day? Has the master taken off half your load?"

"No," said the Wheels, "he hasn't done that: our burden is, if any thing, heavier than before; but this he has done,—he has oiled us, so that, whatever we may have to bear, we may have no longer the heart to say a word against it."

A STINGY man who pretended to be very fond of his horse, but kept him nearly starved, said to a friend, "You don't know how much we all think of that horse. I shall have him stuffed, so as to preserve him, when he dies." "You'd better stuff him now," retorted the friend, "so as to preserve him living."

PACIFIC-SLOPE DUMB ANIMALS.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

I HAVE seen the man who delights in a mule. At last, that much-abused animal has an appreciator. This morning, as I descended the stairs at Leidig's, — our hotel staircase stays out of doors with the watchdog, the chambers opening from the second piazza, — I saw Garvin, the guide who took us into the valley by the Coulterville route last Thursday evening, embracing with both arms the neck of a mule which had been brought from the corral, and equipped for service, and heard him repeat in tones quite lover-like, "You dear creature!"

He lifted his face toward me with a salutation, to which was heartily added, "I do love a mule. I really *love* a mule." Then, inquiring whether I was a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the guide desired my opinion of the treatment the horses and mules receive here. With the leave of "Our Dumb Animals," I will give it.

The animals are hard-worked, but well-fed on grass and grain, which are abundant and of the finest quality. Their average condition is fully equal to that of working horses at the East, infinitely better than that of the car-horses of New York. The mountain trails are so steep, it is a wonder any thing but a gourd can climb them, or any thing but a cataract descend; in addition to which the soil, wholly consisting of decomposed granite, yields like fresh ashes under the tread, letting the animal sink and slide anywhere from fetlock to gambrel deep. There is no Sunday in Yo Semite for man or beast.

Five hundred horses serve in the valley; and it is a lucky accident, if, during the visiting season, from April to October, one gets a day's relaxation. All the furniture of all the hotels has been conveyed thither on the backs of mules, as the luggage and provisions are being transported daily. Reflecting on this fact, we conquer the extravagant impulse after a chair apiece in our double-bedded chamber, and some sort of table other than our washstand, — as for a bureau, oh, never! — and picturesquely locate hair brushes and pins, along with divers feminine fixings, on the matting by the several posts of the bed.

"How much weight have they on?" was asked of a line of packmules whom we met on the trail to-day. "Some of them three hundred pounds," he replied. An equal weight in dead matter is said to be more burdensome to bear than a man. The German wing of our party, a gentleman who gave in his avoirdupois at two hundred and a quarter, was allotted a mule which I wondered, would he carry under his arm, or over his shoulder. The animal, however, did the stalwart Von good service; and the relations between them continue day by day. I should be loth to add a feather's weight to those bulky packs, some of which make the bearer look as the Washington statue *equus* on our Boston Public Garden would, were he to step down to the ground, and take, in place of his rider, the height and breadth of his granite pedestal on his back.

It is the prescribed duty of guides to loosen, at the principal stopping-places, the saddle-girth, necessarily worn very tight; and I sincerely wish it was never among the things that ought to be done, and are left undone. The fact is, the horses are allowed to stand hours together in a state only second to that of a tightly corseted, fashionable lady. At the head of the different resorts, the same as on Mount Washington, refreshments are served the ladies and gentlemen, while the beasts are not permitted food or drink, lest, we were told, the expanding and contracting of their bodies should imperil, the safety of their riders. A grazed or lame animal I have not seen; nor have I known one suffer a severer chastisement than I myself inflict on my beloved Blucher with a posy of wild lilac, azalea, or honeysuckle, when, like his namesake, he doesn't come up.

The guides have a certain degree of pride in hearing the animals praised, knowing well that they deserve it. "Look tolerable, hey?" — said our guide to the Nevada Fall, Frank Wilkins, a Boston boy, by the way, — "considering they never know a curry-comb. A great greenhorn, though, did, I remember, comb out the mane and tail of one once, — ha, ha, ha!"

The cool, dry atmosphere prevents or absorbs perspiration so entirely, that beast or man, called to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow here, would find his staff of life slender, indeed, to lean upon. Finally, it is not a mean climax to your day's enjoyment, nor half so unpoetical a contrast as it may here seem, while the glorious sun hangs in the west, crowning El Capitan and the Domes, while Mt. Broderick stands darkly reversed in Mirror Lake, and the Three Brothers are bathing in the Merced, while the Bridal Veil, guarded by the Three Graces, is dashed with rainbows like bright, fluttering hopes of a maiden, to dismount on the hotel piazza for the relief of your faithful steed, sure-footed as the mountain pines, and see him gallop off to the corral, where his nose-bag of barley, and the pure, delicious water, and rest at least for a night await him as the reward of his day's toil for your pleasure.

YO SEMITE, CAL., July, 1873.

CRUELTY IN NEW JERSEY.

A LETTER from this State says, — "I frequently see farmers in good circumstances bringing calves to the dépôt with their legs tied, and their bodies unprotected from the hot sun. . . . How appreciative are the dog and horse of man's kindness! and yet not a day nor an hour passes in our large cities but some specimen of humanity is observed torturing them. Truly these humane societies are doing a noble work: we wish you could extend your intelligence to this portion of the country.

"We have a State Society, but no branch hereabouts: we are among a very strange people. The disposition to get property is so strong, that kindness to dumb animals is not thought of."

The same correspondent gives us an account of the life, death, and burial, of an intelligent Spitz dog, who had peculiar ways of making his wants known, and understood conversation not addressed to him. He repaid the affection of his master and mistress with devotion and gratitude.

WESTERN CRUELTY.

A LETTER from a town out West, where they have no law for the protection of animals, says, —

"I must mention an occurrence which came under my notice. A teamster in this town has held to the theory and practice that it was economy to work a horse until he dropped down in the harness, and then turn him out to die of starvation. A few weeks since, he turned out upon the common one of these skeletons, which particularly attracted my attention. The poor creature was actually leaning against the fence for support: he had been worked down and bruised. Running sores were visible in several places, and in this condition he was left within the city limits, without food or water. A few days passed, and the shadow of a horse presents itself, hobbling up to the stable door, begging for a mouthful of food. The reception I witnessed; and it came, not in the form of nice ground feed or oats, but a massive black snake whip was furiously brought to bear upon the half dead animal, which was as much as to say "I have no more use of your kind." I endeavored to restrain my feelings with the consolation that soon we should inaugurate ways and means to punish all such offenders."

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS IN ENGLAND.

At Westminster, James Lister, driver of a washcart, was charged, at the instance of the Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, with ill-using a horse. A constable saw the horse led by the defendant; and, as it was thoroughly worn out, hardly able to stand, and quite unfit for work, he stopped him. The Marquis of Queensbury, who was passing at the time, offered the man £2 to have the horse shot; but the constable took the prisoner to the station. Mr. Arnold, after looking at the horse, said the defendant had been guilty of great cruelty, and he fined him 10s., the horse to be detained till the money was paid. The marquis, having gone to the court, gave the prisoner £2 for the horse, and sent it home to be destroyed. — *London Times*.

SUMMER CARE OF HORSES.

THE horse is of more value to man than all other animals of the earth. He has been the obedient and constant friend of man for near four thousand years, ever ready at his master's bidding, rewarding him with his labor, in proportion to the skill and kindness in using him. Treat him kindly and gently, and he will come from the pasture at your calling: he has confidence in you; but treat him with harshness and brute force, and you awaken in him the worst feelings of his noble nature: he does not obey you only as he is forced to; if you want him from the pasture you must get help, and corner him, and catch him by force. He does not like your company: by your roughness with him you have awakened his vicious nature, and made him a dangerous and unprofitable servant.

But his health and comfort we should look after, when we require his constant labor in the long and hot days of summer. Many farmers do not appear to think or care about the comfort of their horses: they will imprison them of nights in the stable on a hard floor, and even tie them up with a rope around their neck, and feed them on dry corn every meal all summer, with salt once a week.

Reader, just think of this matter for a moment. Suppose you were to work for me this season; and I should set before you corn bread, meat, and coffee, every meal, without change and without salt: would you not think that I kept a poor boarding-house? Your horse has the same opinion of you. — *S. I. Woolley, in Ohio Farmer*.

NOVEL HORSE-PROTECTOR. — It is a common thing in our cities to protect the heads of draft horses with a bonnet or cushion to keep off the blaze of the sun. But a Dublin projector proposes to extend a similar protection over the entire animal. He makes a frame of wood, whale-bone, iron rods, or other flexible but strong material, and this he places over the horse, a few inches above him, the frame being supported either by attachment to the harness, or to the thills of the vehicle. Upon this frame he stretches a sheet of canvas, oiled cloth, or sheet rubber, which forms a complete pent-house to keep off either rain or sun. The space between the animal and the covering permits a free passage of air, which aids transpiration, and helps to keep the animal cool. The principle, as far as this is concerned, is similar to that of the odd, oval-shaped hats worn by men in the East Indies from time immemorial. These comprise a light frame of bamboo slips encircling the forehead and sustaining a covering lined with cork an inch above, and out of contact with the head. The slight rustling of the breeze through one's hair is said to be very refreshing, and quite possibly a horse furnished with one of the new "protectors" may coincide with this experience during hot summer days. — *N. Y. Mail*.

THE LESSON OF THE BEES' CELL. — Every cell has many sides; each cell has straight lines and sharp corners; but never does any cell present its sharp corner to its neighbor cell. A soft, even side to every neighbor side. Each fit to each, firm to support, and yet soft in the contact. No interstices are left where filth might accumulate to annoy and defile. Thus, let man meet man as they tread the crowded path of life. As master, as servant, as seller, as buyer, as entertainer, as guest, as borrower, as lender, he should present to every brother a side that is at once soft and strong, — faithfulness to make it firm, and love to make it soft. Always a side to your neighbor that is at once soft and strong. No sharp corner of your own selfishness that will pierce your brother.

MEN often wonder why poor people keep dogs when they want bread themselves, but they are their consolations. No matter how wretched or despised by mankind, their dogs love and cling to them even to starvation.

IN THESE LIVES of ours, tender little acts do more to bind hearts together than great deeds or heroic words, since the first are like the dear daily bread that none can live without, the latter but occasional feasts — beautiful and memorable, but not possible to all. — *From "Work," by Louisa M. Alcott*.

